











## The Daily Courier.

Published at second class matter at  
Postoffice, Conneltsville.THE COURIER COMPANY,  
Publishers.H. P. SNYDER  
President and Managing Editor.JAMES J. TRIMBLE  
Secretary and Treasurer.

Advertising and Circulation Manager.

TELEPHONE RING.

CITY EDITOR AND REPORTERS.  
Rt. 12, Two Rings, Tri-State, 55, Two  
Rings.BUSINESS OFFICE, JOHN AND CIR-  
CULATION DEPARTMENTS, Bldg. 12,  
Two Rings, Tri-State, 55, One Ring.H. P. SNYDER, Editor and Manager,  
Bldg. 11.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

DAILY \$1.00 per year, 10 per copy.

WEEKLY \$1.00 per year, 50 per copy.

PAY NO MONEY to carriers, but only  
to collectors with proper credentials.Any irregularities or irregularities in  
the delivery of The Courier to homes  
by the carriers in Conneltsville or our  
agents in other towns should be re-  
ported to this office at once.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 20, 1914.

ON THE RAIL.

How can the Republicans reconcile  
the fact that with three years more  
of the Wilson administration left the  
country is on the eve of one of its  
greatest periods of prosperity? asks  
the Philadelphia "Philadelphia Free-  
Press Standard."It is to be noted that the Demo-  
cratic promise is that we are "on the  
eve" of prosperity. Occasionally the  
Democratic organs insist that we are  
having actual prosperity right now.  
Such statements are what make the  
little workmen in the Conneltsville coke  
region sore. Nobody knows better  
than they do just how much real  
prosperity is here and how much  
prosperity is not.The psychological editorial contingent  
are afflicted with the delusion that  
they can hypnotize the workmen into  
the belief that he is actually prosper-  
ous even though he works in a coke  
oven and is paid semi-weekly  
only but as a matter of fact they are  
day by day adding insult to injury.  
The workmen are getting  
ready to nail the hide of the hypocrite  
"combination" to the barn door this  
fall for these insults and injuries.The nation may be on the eve of a  
period of prosperity great or small,  
but it is certain that the Democrats  
are on the eve of one of the grandest  
political blunders they have received  
since 1896.

HEALTH LAWS.

The Conneltsville authorities are  
passing it out again, but this time  
the health rules and regulations must  
be observed in the future, or the city  
will punish all such offenders.No excuses will hereafter be taken  
from citizens who tear down placards  
prematurely or from physicians who  
neglect or refuse to report cases of  
contagious disease.It was high time that reforms were  
coming. Conneltsville physicians were  
acquiring an unwelcome reputation in  
the State Department of Health for  
failing to make report of contagious  
disease coming under their care.The health regulations must be  
enforced in the future, but they are  
not even for the public welfare and  
the one must be observed in order  
that the other may be conserved.

FREE TURKEY.

Turkey is free. Was the startling  
announcement made in the morning  
on Sunday. Victims of the high cost  
of living were interested until they  
understood from further reading that it  
was not the turkey one eats that is  
free, but a disinterested citizen of  
South Conneltsville known to fame as  
Turkey.Turkey, married and reputed to be  
some chicken-eater himself. Turkey  
returns to his home and hunts a  
cock-reformed man. The Courier in-  
cludes in the hope that Turkey's re-  
form will be more lasting than the re-  
form of the average politician who is  
usually lost only through the cam-  
paign.

HARE LIPS AND HORSE KENNEL.

The Uniontown New Freedom  
Standard mentions the names of three  
Republicans whom it declares are not  
back in the fold but are Progressive  
still. As far as we are officially ad-  
vised this is correct. The Uniontown  
Standard is very still. Unhappily  
at Uniontown and going down the line  
to Fayette County it is a curious fact  
that Progressives with horse political  
sense are still still. It is a horrid  
tragedy variety that are making all the  
noise.The threatened Democratic bolt in  
Fayette County may not materialize,  
but the outcome of this being there is  
the Democratic organ over the ab-  
solute of discussion in the  
Democratic ranks indicates quite  
plainly that the subject is a sore one.  
The threatened bolt is a sore one.Conneltsville does signal honor to  
the memory of a departed citizen this  
day yet not more than he deserved.The Tenth regiment ranks high in  
military qualifications. Company D of  
Conneltsville is seventh on the list and  
its efficiency is rated at 88.12%.  
Company I of Greensburg is first with  
an efficiency record of 99.84%. The  
boys are pretty nearly perfect soldiers.Hysteria is reported to be on his way  
to Fayette. There are some compensa-  
tions in addition after all.Villa gives evidence of having re-  
pentant and reformed. He offers pro-  
tection to Americans who want his  
country to be represented at the  
Panama Exposition and in minor in-  
stances exhibits a desire to be rated as a  
progressive.The West Side airways are getting  
in their ready work. The airway is  
something that should not be regu-  
lated. It should be suppressed.September Moon showed too early  
and too often in the Juniata district.Ohio's mine strike situation prob-  
ably needs troops instead of troops,  
but the Duke state is lacking in  
the well-poised officers of the law.Something for Nothing  
Is Not Always Good Business

Philadelphia Ledger

Time was, when railroad fare was  
paid by anybody who was anybody  
and apologetic for it, for nearly every-  
body had a nose. The theory was that  
the railroad must run trains, anyway.  
They might not run them full  
up, it didn't cost the railroad any-  
thing more to carry an extra passen-  
ger free, so large and small shippers,  
newspapers and magazine men, friends  
of the management, railroad men  
from other roads, politicians, grafters  
and others all rode free.It took the strong arm of the law  
to finally stop this practice, to con-  
vince the railroad that a free pass was  
as bad for the user as it was for the  
railroad, and that it was unnecessary  
to give away one of the chief commodi-  
ties it had to sell. The theorists have  
gone through the same transforma-  
tion. A papered house is now the  
sign of a poor production.The newspaper is the last of the  
three more or less public-service in-  
stitutions to realize the almost-sightedness  
of trying to sell a thing that it is at  
the same time giving away. To give a  
certain amount of space free in con-  
nection with a certain amount of paid  
advertising, no matter if the free ad-  
vertising pretends to be news, pro-  
duces fluctuating and unstable values  
in the newspaper's chief commodity—  
advertising space.The advertiser who gets one hun-  
dred lines of free advertising in con-  
nection with one hundred lines of paid  
advertising is buying his advertise-  
ment at just half the market price.  
This is unfair to the advertiser who  
pays the full price, the advertiser  
whose line of business is such that he  
asks no favors such as are so freely  
given to theatres, books, automobiles,  
deantries and other commercial en-  
terprises.This does not mean that a news-  
paper shall not review a book or play,  
or describe in its news columns any-  
thing that has real news value to the  
public, provided the matter is written  
in the same way that it would be  
written if no advertising possibility  
were attached.No corollary is so well established  
as the one which teaches us that the  
newspaper which is most compliant in  
regard to free advertising is always  
the weakest newspaper.The service that a newspaper should  
offer to advertisers consists in pub-  
lishing clean, strong, well-printed,  
intelligently arranged newspaper  
ads in the homes in which the advertise-  
ments would naturally be bought. It  
should print the advertisements legi-  
bly and attractively and give them the  
full measure of circulation and ex-  
posure in presenting as attractive  
copy as possible. All this is as mucha part of the legitimate service that a  
newspaper renders as programs, seats  
and made are a part of a theatre's  
service, or of a hotel, water, electric  
lights and dining cars are a part of a  
railroad's service.It is time that a strict line should be  
drawn between the service that a  
newspaper should render and the  
service it is not to render. It is time  
that it be not lured from its duty by some favored  
advertiser at the expense of others not  
so favored, which violates and weakens  
the value of the newspaper as an  
advertising medium.A leading advertising agency re-  
cently sent out to the newspapers an  
advertising campaign for a well-known  
brand of smoking tobacco. It is given  
to only such newspapers as agree to  
give free insertion to the first adver-  
tisement.Many newspapers have accepted  
this proposition. If they should follow  
such a request to its logical conclu-  
sion, where would they get off? If the  
first insertion is given free, why not  
the second? How much advertising  
should be paid for? Why is it not  
equally logical for a man to order ten  
tons of coal, the first ton to be free, or  
ten bushels of potatoes, the first  
bushel to be free? There is an extrin-  
sic and approved case of free adver-  
tising—in that it is free display adver-  
tising rather than free reading matter  
—but the principle is the same.The Public Ledger believes that it  
is a better advertising medium be-  
cause of its policy of presenting news  
as news, and advertising as advertis-  
ing, charging for advertising space a  
fair and equitable price, and rendering  
for that price the fullest possible ad-  
vertising service that a newspaper can  
honestly render. It believes in this  
policy, first, because all advertising  
patrons should be treated alike.  
Second, because the printing of ad-  
vertising matter as news is a betrayal  
of trust to its readers; and third, be-  
cause if an advertiser can be induced  
to use a newspaper only by large con-  
cessions, then that newspaper is too  
weak an advertising medium to en-  
gage the respectful consideration of  
advertisers.Without character neither a man  
nor a newspaper is worth anything.  
Character consists in adherence to a  
certain standard of conduct. Every  
one knows the difference between right  
and wrong. Every one knows that a  
man who will accept a bribe is un-  
trustworthy. While no one can blame  
an advertiser for taking all he can get,  
the newspaper which gives itself  
down as being willing to prostitute  
itself for the sake of advertising  
patronage must in the end forfeit the  
very advertising that it has sacrificed  
so much to get.

## Classified Advertisements.

One Cent a Word.

No advertisements for Less Than 15 Cents.  
Classified columns close at noon. Advertisements of vans, sales,  
etc., received after that hour will not appear until the following  
morning.

Wanted.

WANTED—YOUR BARBERING LI-  
CENSES. 210010WANTED—BOARDERS. MRS  
H. J. G. at 1010 1/2 N. 10th St.WANTED—W. L. COLEMAN FRANK-  
lin and Milton. Will find your address  
and paper. Tel-Phone 5. 101010WANTED—RAILROAD ENGINEER.  
Experienced. \$120. Experience unnecessary.  
Send name, position, salary, etc., to  
W. L. COLEMAN, 101010WANTED—MID PUR. GENERAL  
house work. No one need apply who  
cannot cook. MRS. J. K. DICK, 101010  
South Pittsburg street.

For Rent.

FOR RENT—FIVE ROOMS. HOUSE.  
Inquire KALLER BANK. 101010FOR RENT—THREE MODERN  
dwelling houses. Will be used. Rent  
reasonable. Inquire W. D. COLEMAN,  
120 1/2 Main street. 101010

For Sale.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. MONEY  
to loan. EVANS & SHAW 101010FOR SALE—ADVERTISING SPACE  
in this paper. Ask for rates.FOR SALE—WE WILL OFFER FOR  
sale at West Side Hotel, on Friday,  
July 24th, between 2 and 3 P. M., an  
share of the Taylor Hotel (101010)  
of Uniontown. UNION NATIONAL  
BANK of Conneltsville. 101010

Personal.

MADAM MAY RETURN D. HOSKINS  
successful business. Monday, July 20,  
Pencil street. Special price today.  
201010

Notice.

THE SCHOOL BOARD OF PERRY  
township will meet in the high school  
building on Saturday evening, July  
25th, 1914, at 8 o'clock to let contracts  
for school supplies and food for the  
 ensuing term. All bids must be  
by the hundred and no bids are wanted  
for Perrytown and the three schools  
at Victorville. J. R. MARTIN, Secretary.  
101010

Executrix's Notice.

ESTATE OF MARTHA J. BALDWIN,  
deceased. Letters testamentary on the  
estate of Martha J. Baldwin, late of Con-  
neltsville, Fayette County, Pa., deceased,  
having been granted to the undersigned,  
I hereby give notice to all persons  
interested in said estate to make im-  
mediate payment, and to those having  
claims against the same to present  
them, properly authenticated for settle-  
ment. MARTHA JONES, Executrix. P. O.  
address, Conneltsville, Fayette County,  
Pa. 201010

Attention Contractors.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED  
for the remodeling of the old Police  
Temple such work to consist of  
replacing brick, tin, electrical, plum-  
ing and heating and cement work. Plans  
and specifications can be seen at the  
home of the secretary, No. 120 North  
Sixth street, West Side. Bids to be  
in the hands of the secretary at 12  
o'clock noon, August 5th, 1914.

## SOISSON THEATRE

THE HOUSE OF LILIES.

TODAY!

THE SENSATIONAL PLAY,  
"THE NIGHT RIDERS"THE THIRD SERIES OF  
"THE BASEBALL TOUR"THE TWO-REEL DRAMA,  
"THE HOUSE DISCORDANT"THE COMEDY HIT,  
"THE ONE BEST BET"THE STERLING COMEDY,  
"THE CRASH"

5 Great Pictures.

5 and 10 Cents.

August 27, 1914, at two o'clock P. M.,  
when and where you may attend if you  
think proper. MART A. KILMER  
Sheriff. Sheriff's Office July 21, 1914.  
1-July 21-mon

Abe Martin.

Beauty is only skin deep but it  
comes in mighty handy when you're  
single.

A bad fit fits suit never wears out.

It Will Pay You  
To read our advertising columns  
carefully. You will find

STATEMENT OF

CIRCULATION.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY  
of Fayette, ss.Before me, the undersigned, a Notary  
Public within and for said county and  
state, personally appeared James J.  
McFarland, who being duly sworn ac-  
cording to law did depose and say:  
That he is Assistant Manager of  
Circulation of The Courier, a daily  
newspaper published in Conneltsville,  
Pa., and that the number of papers  
printed during the week ending Satur-  
day July 18, 1914, was as follows:

July 14 ..... 6,225

July 15 ..... 6,435

July 16 ..... 6,815

July 17 ..... 6,815

July 18 ..... 7,210

Total ..... 41,320

Daily Average ..... 6,887

That the daily circulation by months  
for the year 1914 to date was as fol-  
lows:

January ..... 187,968 0.52

February ..... 187,723 0.50

March ..... 185,020 7.16

April ..... 180,135 7.10

May ..... 184,000 7.07

June ..... 181,144 6.97

And further depose that

Sworn to and subscribed before me  
this 20th day of July, 1914.J. K. KURTZ,  
Notary Public.

READ THE COURIER.

## JULY SPECIALS

For people who don't have much money left.

Misses' and Children's  
White Canvas  
Button Shoes,  
Sizes 5 to 2,  
\$1.0050c  
Boys' Black Tennis  
Oxfords.  
Barefoot Sandals,  
50c

## WOMEN'S WHITE SHOES,

High and Low Heels. \$1.50

Misses' "Baby Doll"  
Pumps, Patent,  
Sizes 11 to 2,  
\$1.75Women's or Growing  
Girls' Patent  
"Baby Doll" Pumps,  
\$2.25

\$2.00

Women's White Sneakers, Oxfords and Pumps.  
Men's White Sneakers \$1.50; White Tennis Shoes 90c

EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN FOOTWEAR.

## Downs' Shoe Store.

Look Around  
Go Anywhere  
Go EverywhereYou'll  
Not  
Find  
Better  
Shoes  
For  
\$4  
\$4.50  
and  
\$5

Than Ralston Shoes.

HOOPER & LONG  
104 W. Main St.

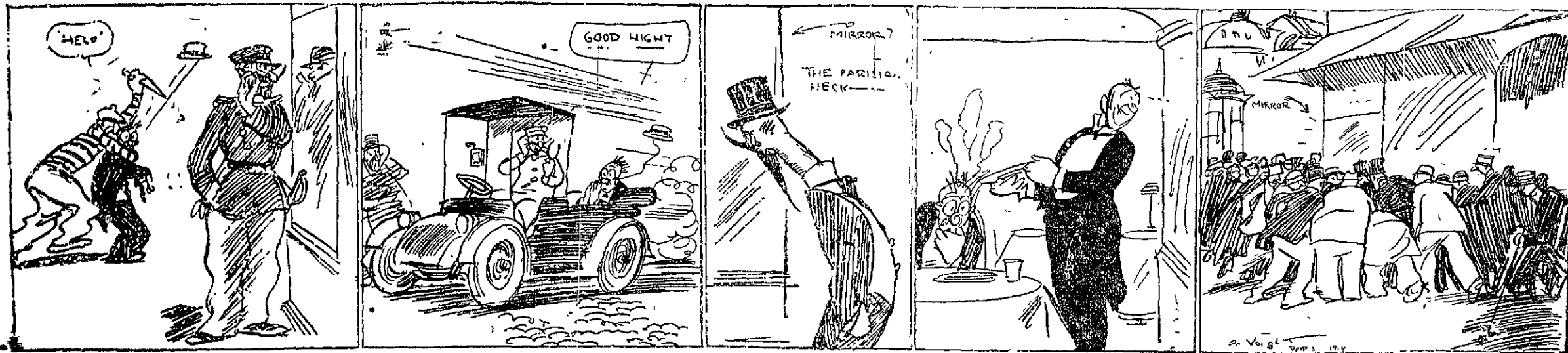
**Commercial Printing of  
all kinds  
Done at *The* Courier Job  
Printing Office.**

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*



## PETEY ABROAD—Mirrors Are a Disease With the Parisians.

By C. A. Voight.



## YES, FOLKS, THE INVESTIGATION IS NOW ON.



—Chicago Tribune.

## WILLFUL WASTE OF PUBLIC FUNDS

Democratic Congress Is Prodigious With Appropriations.

One of the ablest critics of the Democratic appropriation bills in congress is what Senator Burton of Ohio calls the "Democratic delirium tremens," which really implies the ultimate expenditure of untold millions on projects of little if any value to mankind.

One of the most striking illustrations of the extravagance of the measure is the item for the carrying on of the improvement work on the Mississippi river between the mouths of the Missouri and Ohio rivers. That work was begun in 1881 with an estimated total cost of \$16,000,000. Already \$17,000,000 has been expended on the project, and the estimate carried in this year's bill for completing the work yet to be done is \$17,500,000.

The significance of these figures is increased by the fact that the relative importance of the river as a carrying road has steadily diminished. This particular stretch of river at issue in this item is 248 miles long, with an annual freight tonnage of 250,000 tons. The appropriation for this work this year is \$1,000,000, or \$4 a ton. When the work is completed, even if it does not exceed present estimates, it will have cost approximately \$100 a ton on the basis of the present tonnage up and down that part of the river.

In other words, if the tolls to be charged on traffic through the Panama canal were levied on this stretch of the river when the work was completed, it would take about 120 years to reflect the original cost. Any reasonable addition for the expected heavy maintenance charges would run the computations into the indefinite future.

According to Mr. Burton, who is recognized as one of the greatest authorities on rivers and harbors in this country, if not the greatest, the traffic along the Mississippi reached its maximum in 1880, one year before the work of improvement began. That year 44 per cent of St. Louis shipments went down the river. In 1900 only one-half of 1 per cent of the shipments went down the river—a proportionate decrease of 8,800 per cent.

## ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Democratic Party Faces Much It Cannot Explain.

The Democratic party enters the campaign upon the defensive. It is there to explain the contrast between the rainbow fallacies that they propounded and the state of things as they are.

There has never been a time when the Democratic party was not in debt to the people by at least one unkept promise. This year the debt is heavier

## RECKLESS WASTE OF U. S. FUNDS GOING ON.

Democratic Government Violates "Economy" Plank in Platform.

The Democratic convention that named Mr. Wilson for the presidency took a strong position upon the matter of economy in the use of the money of the government. Its platform demanded that a stop be put at once to all appropriations that were not absolutely necessary. "We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrong from the people by oppressive taxation," thundered that wondrous document that was passed by the hand of a Bryan and approved by the eye of a Wilson.

It appears now, however, that the economy plank meant just the same as the plank in regard to free canal tolls and meant no more. Already it has gone to the attic of forgetfulness and disuse, there to join several of its louding colleagues of the 1912 platform. The Democratic congress is exceeding in its appropriations any of its Republican successors. Salaries are being raised on all sides, new expenditures authorized, former appropriations increased and a steady advance made in expenditure all along the line. The soft pedal that was promised to be put on the appropriating of money is painfully absent.

A fresh instance of the generosity of the Democrats in the spending of government funds appears in the river and harbor appropriation bill. Apparently it is the purpose to make of the whole north one great watering place and the home of naught but majestic rivers and hospitable harbors. Peaceful creeks that for all their lifetime have ambled lazily between sylvan banks, innocent of any ambition to be waterways of commerce, have had greatness thrust upon them in the shape of annual and winter rivers that were counted by their surface a modest portion of the trade of the community are to have their bounds and their horizons widened.

There will be a host of new names upon the watery world of fame, and some of the names are nearly as broad as the bodies of water that they represent. Drosses of the most insignificant streams are soon to be "improved" with funds from the national treasury as the result of this new form of "economy."

## Old Time Punishments.

Among the weird and horrible punishments inflicted in Quebec under both the French and English regimes were the burning of women at the stake for petty treason, burning at the hand, branding on the forehead and breaking on the wheel. No record is found in Canada, however, of such punishments as the "dunking of the head," a barrel with apertures for the head and hands, and the bridge and ducking stool for common scolds. In old houses in Britain there are still to be seen books by the fireplace to which a scolding wife was taken after being bridled, the jailer performing this service at the request of the exasperated husband.

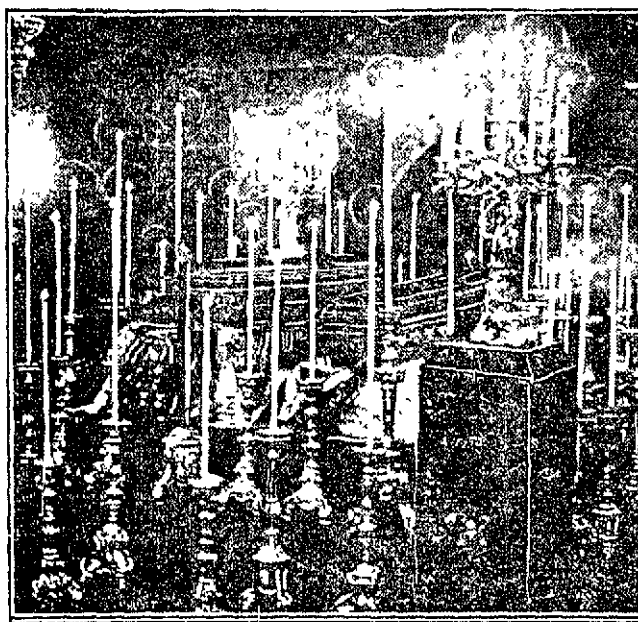
In France an instrument known as the carcan was used as a punishment for disregarding parental authority or nonattendance at church, and one was formerly attached to a post at the door of the Bastille at Quebec. The pillory was used in England for at least 700 years, and in 1709 a prisoner stood in the pillory at Montreal for three days. In 1755 two men and a woman were whipped through the streets of Montreal, thirty-nine lashes being given each.—Pearson's.

## A "Mite."

The difficulties experienced by our forefathers in trying to reckon money in very small proportions appear in the various values given to a "mite" in the sixteenth and seventeenth century books of commercial arithmetic. The original "mite" seems to have been a third of a Flemish penny, but the use of the word for the widow's coin of the New Testament made its regular English meaning half a farthing, and some old people may remember applying the name to the silver lived nineteenth century coins of that value. In those old arithmetic books "mite" stands for various values not represented by actual coins, but obviously used in reckoning. A work of 1700 makes it one-twelfth of a penny, two sixteenth century books one-sixth of a farthing, and in 1674 Jenke's arithmetic made it as little as one sixty-fourth of a penny.—London Chronicle.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

## AN ASSASSIN'S WORK—FIRST PICTURE OF AUSTRIA'S SLAIN ROYAL COUPLE LYING IN STATE IN VIENNA CHAPEL.



BODIES OF ASSASSINATED ROYAL COUPLE OF AUSTRIA LYING IN STATE.

## Woman's World

The Kaiser Is to Have a Non-royal Daughter-in-law.



Photo by American Press Association.

COUNTRESS INA MARIE VON BASSEWITZ.

Countess Ina Marie von Bassewitz, whose engagement to the Kaiser's fifth son, Prince Oscar of Prussia, has been announced, is another example of the revolt of royalty against the system of caste which prevails where their marriages are concerned.

Countess Ina is a maid of honor in the suit of the Kaiserin. She is the youngest, best looking and cleverest of the ladies about the court. Prince Oscar was thrown much in her society and had the Kaiserin been an ordinary woman she would have anticipated the result. Prince Oscar was soon deeply in love with the witty and attractive maid of honor.

rank of the mother. As a rule, the morganatic children of royalty are favored by the state with profitable offices or other rich emoluments. Often they marry into royal families.

Queen Mary of England is the granddaughter of a German morganatic marriage. Her grandfather was a son of Duke Alexander of Wurttemberg, who when he renounced his royal rank to marry morganatically Countess Claudine von Riedel of Poland.

The house of Hohenzollern has made several morganatic marriages which have in most cases turned out happily

## THE HALF BELT.

A Novel Accessory to the Smart Summer Suit.

A little accessory that can be bought to add a smart touch to a homestead or old frock is always welcome.

Perhaps that is one reason for the popularity of the neckwear of this season and last. Frilling and ruchings of silk and net and lace transform many simple frocks, and the addition of one of the new organdie collars to a staid serge dress takes it out of the realm of dowdiness.

So it is with a chic belt that can be had in the shops.

It is really only a half belt, for the back of the skirt or coat, to reach from hip to hip.

It is made in many combinations. One that is very attractive is made of gray suede, cut out to show three or four pieces of Japanese silk crepe printed in blue and red. This little belt is fitted with three or four pockets on the underside so that it can be easily fastened to as many little belts as served on the skirt.

Other belts are made of suede and kid of different colors, some of them with "cutout" designs over white kid, some of them decorated with small colored glass "spills" or small heads of brass.

They are especially nice, these little belts, on the back of a colored linen or dretyn or other summer skirt, and they can also be used to very good effect on a summer jacket.

## Faced Death to Save Refugees.

Writing to the Red Cross Magazine from Vera Cruz, Charles Jenkinson, in charge of the field headquarters of the Red Cross, tells of the cleanup work in the seized port and reports many novel and thrilling experiences while rescuing refugees along the east coast of Mexico. On a chartered steamer he visited some eight out of the way ports between Vera Cruz and Tampico and picked up many refugees. He was officially informed at one place that he would be killed. He went ashore alone at another port and found an entire garrison of Mexican soldiers lined up with guns trained on him.

## Planted Tunic.

The platted tunic is particularly smart, but usually the platts are rather shallow ones and are taped underneath to within a few inches of the bottom.

## MAKE YOUR FORD A BETTER CAR

by using THE KERN CIRCULATOR—designed especially for Fords—its principle is a simple propeller which forces water through water jackets of motor to the radiator at the rate of 8 to 12 gallons per minute, according to speed of motor, which gives positive and rapid circulation at all times, and gives your Ford a cooling system equal to that of the highest priced cars. Attached in 20 minutes with a wrench and screw driver. Price, \$8.50. Money back if not satisfactory.

Stewart Ford Special Speedometer at \$11. Sold elsewhere at \$12.

Genuine "Campbell" Mohair Seat Covers for Ford touring cars, \$15.50.

Standard Tires, all sizes, 10 to 25% off list. Write us for prices on your size.

## Robinson Auto Supply Co.

Morgantown and Fayette Sts., UNIONTOWN.

## Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.

If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

## The Colonial National Bank

of Connelville, Pa. Main and Pittsburg Sts.

4% interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

## WE LOAN MONEY

To Railroad Men, Coal and Coke Workers and Mechanics, in sums from \$10 to \$50, on Furniture, Pianos, etc. We also make salary loans. Apply to

FAYETTE BROKERAGE COMPANY, Room 207, Title & Trust Building, Connelville, Pa.

## If You Wish To Be Truly Happy Save Something

Save for a home of your own—

Save for the protection of your family and yourself—Save today for a brighter tomorrow.

We offer you safety and 4 per cent.

\$1 Opens an Account.

## The First National Bank

"The Bank That Does Things For You," 120 W. Main St., Connelville, Steamship Tickets on All Lines.

## WEAR Horner's Clothing

## Title and Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania

## WHY POSTPONE A SURPLUS FUND?

Don't delay the important matter of saving money now for future requirements. An account with the Title and Trust Company of Western Pennsylvania will be one of the greatest aids to you in establishing and maintaining a surplus fund.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

J. B. KURTZ, NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE, No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connelville, Pa.

Want Ads. 1c a Word.



# FINE FEATHERS

Novelized from Eugene Walters Drama by the same name.

By WEBSTER DENISON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES

FROM THE PLAY  
Copyright A. C. M. Co. 1914

"But we mustn't think of money, Mrs. Collins. After all, we are out here in the country with the fresh air and sunshine and when we think of all those people in the crowded tenements in New York, who are so much worse off than we are, I suppose we ought to be contented."

"That's all very nice, Mrs. Reynolds, but the fresh air, the sunshine, the kindling wood or put quarters in the gas meters. Those that prefer the country can have it. For my part I would rather be in my little flat with someone around here. Here it's shut up the house all winter to keep the warm air in and fight all summer to keep the mosquitoes out. Why, even the cats sneak away from Staten Island when it's cold."

"I know it. It is terrible lonely, sometimes, and nothing but the same old grind—dishes and cooking and cooking and dishes—"

"Well, that's something to bring you back to earth, anyway, and I guess I had better be getting back home to fix James' supper. Some people complain because their husbands stay away too much but I will say for mine that he hasn't missed a meal in ten years. And I wouldn't mind if he did now and then."

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed Jane. "What do you think I've done? I've been so excited over the matter that I forgot about our dinner entirely and I don't want to be home any minute. There isn't a thing in the house, I know. Not even eggs. I can't imagine what to say to him either. I don't like to tell him that I've been to the theater."

"Gracious, you are a slave. Does he object to that?"

"No, not in the way you mean, Mrs. Collins, but there's the matter of the tickets. You see, I saved it out of the household expenses and I don't want him to know."

"Well, you saved it, didn't you? Any time I can do that I spend it where and when I please. I figure that's my business and not James'."

"But we haven't much money for that sort of thing, and you see there's this, too," added Jane, hurriedly removing her new hat. "I put the rest of the household money aside, and I'm afraid it would be hard to explain such extensive economy."

"Well, I wouldn't worry, dear. Just put it away for a while and avoid unnecessary arguments. I know men do."



"It's From the Butcher!"

army so they want a woman to drudge and drudge and never derive any benefit from it."

"Oh Mrs. Collins, Bob isn't that way at all. We do have to figure in sickness and cents and dimes, and I get so tired of being poor, but he tries to give me everything he can. That's what makes me feel bad, and I'm just wretched over the dinner. You'll pardon me, Mrs. Collins, but I guess I'll have to run out."

"I'd like to help you out, dear."

"Oh, could you?"

"I'm afraid not. It's Wednesday—stew night with us, and James will be eating the last of Sunday's roast."

"I didn't mean to bother you, Mrs. Collins, but it's the first time in my life that this has happened and I feel that I just can't face Bob, that's all."

"Why face him? Have him face you."

"It's the same thing."

"No, my dear, it isn't the same thing. When you have been married as long as I have you will find that the only way to get around your husband is to have him sorry for you. Don't ever let him get a chance for you to be sorry for him. It took me quite a while to get on to that and I'm giving you the benefit of my experience."

"How do you mean?"

"Honor bright, haven't you ever played possum?"

"Why, no?"

"Then that makes it all the easier. You know—anything from a sick friend to a cap of glory. Why, even

a headache would answer in your case if this is the first time."

"But I don't believe I could do that."

"Certainly you could. Now, if you're down with a sick headache you can't be expected to be taking care of household affairs, can you? What chance has a hot dinner against a case of hysteria?"

"But I wouldn't know how," Jane persisted.

"This little play doesn't need a rehearsal. Just get into your kimono, dear."

"But it's such a terrible fib, and I just hate to see Bob go hungry. I love him, Mrs. Collins. I do, really, and I just can't bear to deceive him this way."

"That's just it. Don't let him be disappointed in you because there aren't a couple of scrambled eggs in the house. I know men and when they're hungry, they're—well, not sentimental. But if he really thinks you are ill he'll be sorry for you."

"I'll try it then, but I know that I will never go through with it. I'll laugh right in his face."

"Then don't blame me if there's a scene. I've shown you the way and it has stood the test. Hurry up and get into the costume. I'll do the explaining."

Jane went into her room. There was a ring at the door.

"There he is now," exclaimed her sophisticated neighbor. "I told you, you were wasting your time."

"No, that isn't Bob, Mrs. Collins. He has a key. Would you mind seeing who it is?"

"It's only the postman," she called. "You're safe for a while."

"I didn't look. No, it's for your husband and from the butcher, too. I think there ought to be a law forbidding the sending of bills through the mails."

"They're such a disappointment," Jane emerged clad in her kimono. "Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Collins. "My dear Mrs. Reynolds, that won't do at all."

"What's the matter?"

"Your color. You'd never make him think you're an invalid with that complexion. Put some powder on."

"All right, but this is silly, my dear. I feel about as ill as I look."

"Never mind. Sit! Somebody's opening the front door with a key. Turn out the light and lie down on the bed. I'll meet him at the door."

Whistling an airy tune, Mr. Reynolds entered and was confronted by his dusky neighbor.

"Shh!" warned Mrs. Collins. "Your wife's ill. Don't wake her."

"Ill? Why, what has happened?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing's happened. Nothing serious. It's just a headache. I came over to see what I could do for her."

"She's in her room?"

"Yes, lying down."

He pushed past her to his wife's door.

"Why, Jane," he exclaimed. "I'm so sorry. What's wrong, dear?"

"Nothing very bad, Bob. I just sort of seemed to go all to pieces today, and my head is splitting."

"My poor darling!"

"I'll be going now," called Mrs. Collins. "I do hope you'll be better soon, Mrs. Reynolds. I'll run over in the morning if there's anything I can do before then, let me know."

"I will. Thank you awfully much, Mrs. Collins."

Reynolds hurried out of the bedroom. "Let me see you to the door, Mrs. Collins. I thank you, too, I am sure I'll pull Mrs. Reynolds around all right."

He did not repeat his invitation for the morning call. Somehow Mrs. Collins did not entirely appear to him. He knew that she had been neighborly and a friend to his wife, but he was inclined at times to doubt the value of the friendship. Neighbors were none too plentiful in their colony and such as had were the pressing duties of the home kept most of them pretty closely confined. He knew that his wife was in need of company of some kind so he tried to keep his impressions of her quondam friend to himself. But husbands have a way of divining the truth about their wives' acquaintances and he was sure that such influence as she exerted over Mrs. Reynolds was not of the best. Her ludicrous efforts to appear fashionable without the means, her lack of taste and her obvious preference for the petty city life she had left behind stamped her, to his mind, for just what she was. He had grave fears that his wife, despite the superiority of her intellect, sooner or later, would become imbued with the poisonous discontent that emanated from her neighbor and he dreaded the day of inoculation.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A Confession.

"Bob," called Jane. "I think I'll get up."

"Oh, you mustn't, dear. Stay right where you are. Do you feel as if you could eat something? I'll bring it to you."

"But if I tell you something are you going to be cross?"

"Cross with you, honey? That's impossible."

"But if I've done something awfully

terrible, do you think you could forgive me?"

"I don't believe you could do anything I couldn't forgive."

"Supposing I had told you a frightful, black, inexorable fib?"

"Why, Jane, what's on your mind? Fess up. I guess I can stand it all right."

"I haven't got a sick headache at all."

"That's fine. What were you doing looking?"

"No, it wasn't a joke at all. It was just a plain lie. I went to the matinee with Mrs. Collins and forgot all about the dinner. I was afraid you might be angry. You'll forgive me, won't you, Bob?"

He stopped and kissed her. "Of course I will, dear. You know that I think more of you than a dinner any time. Was it Mrs. Collins who suggested the headache?"

"Now, don't ask questions, honey; I've confessed and you said you wouldn't be cross. But I'm awfully sorry about dinner."

"That's all right, Jane, only—"

"Only what?"

"There's Dick, you know. It's Wednesday and he hasn't missed taking a look with us on his night off since we've been here. He's the only other member of our family."

"I know it, but I forgot all about him, too."

"Well, don't mind. Get yourself fixed up and I'll make it all right with Dick."

A welcome note outside announced the arrival of the guest.

Beacon Dick and Deacon Dick, Reynolds called him, for he was always preaching his wild theories and yet was cheerful about them. His very presence seemed to bring a ray of sunshine in the Reynolds home. If all socialists could make their listeners smile as often as Dick did the host of converts would swell materially.

"What, ho!" called the visitor as he presented himself at the window. "Lower the portculis while I enter with a pickle and a bun."

"What kind of a bun?" laughed his friend, raising the sash.

"A Wednesday bun; a regular day off bun. Gangway for the foe of the system."

"Go around to the door, you loaf. What's the matter with you?"

Bob stepped to the door and threw it open. "Come in, come in, and wag some."

"Ah, landlord, what cheer have you tonight? You see I do not come empty-headed, Herr Host," and Dick displayed a huge parcel.

"I do see, Herr Host. What's within?"

"Food and drink, cheer for you and the missus, and three cheers for me." Reynolds reached for the package.

"Wait," said Dick. "I desire the housewife to be in on this that she may pay due tribute to her guest. It is no meager token of my regard, it is the sum total of a dollar's raid on a delicatessen shop."

"What's the idea? Don't you think we have anything to eat here?"

"Certainly, but these are delicacies dear to every woman's heart—and tongue. Here is some Wednesday night tongue; pickled tongue, if you will," and he held up a jar of it. "Here we have the invention of old Mr. Dick, one that has never been improved upon. More pickle. And here is condensed all the aroma of bleating goats."

"You see, I do not come empty-handed."

and sheep, breathing the spirit of field and farm, and introducing My Lady Limburger! But where is Jane?"

"She's lying down. Had a headache, but she's better now. She'll join us in a minute. Sit down and take off your gloves. Has the system got your overcoat?"

"If I gave it the chance, but I haven't bought one, Jane," he called out. "Not sick, are you?"

"No, Dick; I'll be with you right away. You can help Bob set the table."

Reynolds stepped to his wife's door. "Jane, dear, what have we got for supper?"

"Now, hush," she answered. "You just tell him yourself. You said you would."

"All right." He returned to Dick. "Young man, for a child of your years you are blessed with a wonderful foresight. Your pickles are as welcome as you are. The fact is, my wife has been to the matinee and it was too much for her. There wasn't a thing in the house to eat till you came."

"Shades of Don Juan! If you've turned cannibal I think I'll be going. I like to be popular, but not so much so. I brought this for protection," He

pointed to his feast. "Won't it suit me?"

"Perfectly. I never could digest socialism and I'm sure I couldn't digest a socialist. Come on. Let us prepare for the royal and hilarious debauch."

Dick assisted with the cloth and silverware. "Hä," he exclaimed. "I knew it. Telepathy. A dynamic thought wave on the corner below told me the tea box was empty. With such bunches I could play the market and beat the system at its own game."

"Forget the system on Wednesday night, Dick. You need a rest."

"I can't. I met a friend of yours today who is part of it."

"Who?"

"Brand? Who is he?"

"Oh, you know him. John Brand. He's the big man in the Hudson Cement company. Said he knew you."

"Used to go to the same school, getting back to earth. I have a place of news. The butcher called on me today. He came down to the office to dun me for my bill. Twenty-six fifty-eight, I think it was. You remember, I gave you the money Monday. I'd let it run over the month a bit, but that doesn't give him the right to ask for it twice. I told him to get out and when he got rude I threatened to throw him out. He said you hadn't paid the bill, but, of course, he was mistaken."

Mrs. Reynolds got up. She made no reply to her husband.

"I thank you again, Dick, for this most welcome treat," she said. "You have certainly proved yourself a savior of domestic harmony."

She walked over to the window seat and donned her new hat. Then she came forward.

"Why, Jane, that is perfectly stunning," said her husband. "Some hat, if you ask me," agreed Dick.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like it. Do you really think it is becoming, Bob? You know, it is the first one I have had for a year, I mean, a whole new one."

"I know," responded Bob. "You ought to have more of them. But what can a husband do when the system is against him? Pretty fine looking girl, eh, Dick?"

"Just as fine as they make them. Wouldn't she make a great queen of the Reds?"

"No, thank you," said Jane, "but I appreciate the proffered honor."

She stopped and kissed her husband. He looked up at her. "I tell you there must be something to that old proverb, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,'" he said.

"Something to it," answered Dick. "Nine million dressmakers live on it."

"Bob," continued Jane, "I just had to get that hat. The old one had been twisted, and turned, and worn until it was almost falling to pieces."

"Yes, I know it. What of it? Why shouldn't you get a new one?"

"Well, Bob, there is another confession coming and I just won't fib to you. I saw this in the window, and I got reckless and lost my head, and I didn't pay the butcher. But you won't be angry with me, now that you see how pretty the hat is, will you? I wanted it so bad and needed it, too, and I was afraid it would be gone if I wanted till I saw you and told you about it."

Reynolds looked distressed. He took two or three steps across the room and turned back toward his wife.

"No, dear, I am not going to be cross; I am just sorry that's all. If I had the money you could have a million hats. I don't know anything in the world that would give me more pleasure than for you to have pretty things, for I know how dear nice things are to a girl's heart. But I haven't got the money, that's all. You remember when we were married upstate five years ago, we both agreed that what we wanted most was a home and we finally got this place. Now, twice a month they are at the door for the money, and if I should miss one payment we'd lose everything. I've never told you how hard it is for me to meet that obligation. I have met it so far, and if it comes through all right we'll have some part of this old Mother Earth. That's why I can't buy you hats. I'd like to, Jane, but I can't and I am sorry."

"Truly repentant now, Jane walked to her husband's side and put an arm about his neck."

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," she answered sadly. "I'm sorry, too."

Dick looked gloomily across the table. "Doesn't it beat all how a little thing can knock the bottom out of the festive board?" he said. "Gee, this has just coppered my bun and ruined my socialism."

Reynolds walked to the window and stood looking out. He turned at length and, as if addressing himself, declared. "She looked wonderful in that hat. Why can't I dress her up and give her an even chance with those that are not half as pretty?"

Dick crossed to his friend's side and put his hand on his shoulder. "I have told you why, if you ask me, but you say I'm theorizing. Now, call it theory if you want to, but here you see a practical demonstration of it. The system doesn't allow you to dress your wives up unless you pay for it, and you can't pay for it unless you're in the system. Sometimes it dresses them up for you if they're pretty, but this particular case doesn't belong in that category. Now, you buck up, old fellow, we're better off here dipping into this cold raft of the plunderer's generosity with nothing but this bun-galov to cover us than all those big fellows put together. You've got love here, Bob, real love. When they imagine God does slip love to them it is stamped counterfeit from start to finish. With Jane and you living for each other as you do, you have got 80 per cent of all the happiness right

## CHAPTER V.

### The Bird's First Plumage.

"Jane," Reynolds called, "come in and save us from devastation. The red ball is up and Dick is skating in perturbation."

"Coming now," she answered, and appeared in a charming house gown. Charming it looked to them anyway, and her husband embraced her.

"I know you'll excuse me, Dick," she said. "You're such an old friend that I don't feel I have to dress for you."

"Dress? What do you call that delightful delineation of sartorial art?"

"Art at \$18 a picture, Dick. I'm glad you like it. And it won't arouse any of your socialist tendencies, will it?"

"Now, Jane, that's cruel. There's only one thing I condone in the members of the system and that is that they spend a good portion of their loot on their wives. I could almost forgive Bob for joining hands with the brigands if he did it for your sake."

She patted his arm. "Thank you, my doubly welcome guest," she said. "I always knew there was a grain or two of reason behind those vaporous dreams of yours. And this"—she helped herself to some of the tongue—"is another evidence of your practicality. What would we do without this rebel, Bob? I always put a ring around the Wednesdays on my calendar as the one day the sun doesn't set in this place."

Dick bowed. "Such eloquence, my dear hostess, or—guest, should I say?—has indeed the array of pickled delicacies."

"Guest, if you will, Dick. You certainly saved the day. I never have been such an ungrateful wife in my life and I felt just terrible over it. I haven't been sick at all, but was so

interested in the matinee and got home so late that I simply forgot all about the dinner."

"Hä," Dick exclaimed. "There you are; the system again; the theater. Another means of the robber class to divert the minds of the people from the real issue."

"I'll take a little choice with that," Reynolds interpolated. "and give Dick some more beer. Hope is the system's deadliest foe. One grain and it is discovered, two, and it finds a worthy rival; three, and it is thwarted; four, it is vanquished, and five, it is obliterated. Dick, you should get a job in a brewery."

"Hear, hear!" replied the prophet.

"The Messiah of a new creed is squelched by the proletariat. A great chance I have in this household. If I throw a bomb one of you would catch it and think it was candy."

"Jane," said her husband, "getting back to earth, I have a place of news. The butcher called on me today. He came down to the office to dun me for my bill. Twenty-six fifty-eight, I think it was. You remember, I gave you the money Monday. I'd let it run over the month a bit, but that doesn't give him the right to ask for it twice. I told him to get out and when he got rude I threatened to throw him out. He said you hadn't paid the bill, but, of course, he was mistaken."

Mrs. Reynolds got up. She made no reply to her husband.

"I thank you again, Dick, for this most welcome treat," she said. "You have certainly proved yourself a savior of domestic harmony."

She walked over to the window seat and donned her new hat. Then she came forward.

"Why, Jane, that is perfectly stunning," said her husband. "Some hat, if you ask me," agreed Dick.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like it. Do you really think it is becoming, Bob? You know, it is the first one I have had for a year, I mean, a whole new one."

"I know," responded Bob. "You ought to have more of them. But what can a husband do when the system is against him? Pretty fine looking girl, eh, Dick?"

"Just as fine as they make them. Wouldn't she make a great queen of the Reds?"

"No, thank you," said Jane, "but I appreciate the proffered honor."

She stopped and kissed her husband. He looked up at her. "I tell you there must be something to that old proverb, 'Fine feathers make fine birds,'" he said.

"Something to it," answered Dick. "Nine million dressmakers live on it."

"Bob," continued Jane, "I just had to get that hat. The old one had been twisted, and turned, and worn until it was almost falling to pieces."

"Yes, I know it. What of it? Why shouldn't you get a new one?"

"Well, Bob, there is another confession coming and I just won't fib to you. I saw this in the window, and I got reckless and lost my head, and I didn't pay the butcher. But you won't be angry with me, now that you see how pretty the hat is, will you? I wanted it so bad and needed it, too, and I was afraid it would be gone if I wanted till I saw you and told you about it."

Reynolds looked distressed. He took two or three steps across the room and turned back toward his wife.

"No, dear, I am not going to be cross; I am just sorry that's all. If I had the money you could have a million hats. I don't know anything in the world that would give me more pleasure than for you to have pretty things, for I know how dear nice things are to a girl's heart. But I haven't got the money, that's all. You remember when we were married upstate five years ago, we both agreed that what we wanted most was a home and we finally got this place. Now, twice a month they are at the door for the money, and if I should miss one payment we'd lose everything. I've never told you how hard it is for me to meet that obligation. I have met it so far, and if it comes through all right we'll have some part of this old Mother Earth. That's why I can't buy you hats. I'd like to, Jane, but I can't and I am sorry."

"Truly repentant now, Jane walked to her husband's side and put an arm about his neck."

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," she answered sadly. "I'm sorry, too."

Dick looked gloomily across the table. "Doesn't it beat all how a little thing can knock the bottom out of the festive board?" he said. "Gee, this has just coppered my bun and ruined my socialism."

Reynolds walked to the window and stood looking out. He turned at length and, as if addressing himself, declared. "She looked wonderful in that hat. Why can't I dress her up and give her an even chance with those that are not half as pretty?"

Dick crossed to his friend's side and put his hand on his shoulder. "I have told you why, if you ask me, but you say I'm theorizing. Now, call it theory if you want to, but here you see a practical demonstration of it. The system doesn't allow you to dress your wives up unless you pay for it, and you can't pay for it unless you're in the system. Sometimes it dresses them up for you if they're pretty, but this particular case doesn't belong in that category. Now, you buck up, old fellow, we're better off here dipping into this cold raft of the plunderer's generosity with nothing but this bun-galov to cover us than all those big fellows put together. You've got love here, Bob, real love. When they imagine God does slip love to them it is stamped counterfeit from start to finish. With Jane and you living for each other as you do, you have got 80 per cent of all the happiness right

here at home in this question mark of a house."

He stopped. Reynolds was smiling at him.

"All right, Bob; you're hopeless. If you can't stand a little socialism, even

